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[VOL. I.]

Biographical Department.

" BIOGRAPHY—THE MIRROR THAT SHEWS UP MAN."

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

JAMES MONROE,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

[SOME of our patrons, whose opinions we hold in high estimation, have suggested that the *Historical* and *Biographical* Departments of this Journal might be made occasionally more interesting, by filling them with a diversity of "*detached sketches*," than by devoting them exclusively to Connecticut History and Connecticut Biography. A much greater number are decidedly of opinion that this *arrangement* is the most judicious that could be made. We shall vary from it at pleasure, as it will be perceived we have in this Number.

A very general wish has been
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expressed that a Brief Biographical Sketch of JAMES MONROE, President of the United States, should be furnished the reader. The Editor of this Magazine, prepared a Sketch for another purpose, within the last year, which has been published and republished. That it is correct in point of *fact*, the reader may rest assured; as the writer derived his materials from a source, indisputably accurate. It was included in the first Edition of "*THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR*," and will be retained and enlarged in the *Second* Edition of that work, which the Proprietor, Mr. *Silas Andrus*, will shortly put to press.]

Ed.

BIOGRAPHY and HISTORY occupy an important department in the libraries of gentlemen, scholars, and statesmen. By the one, the reader becomes acquainted with the illustrious characters who have imparted glory to their native countries, and who have secured to themselves imperishable honour. By the other, he traces the progress of events which have elevated different countries to the acme of human glory, or sunk them to the lowest depths of degradation. The *American Republic*, has, for the last half century, been the theatre of events and the nursery of men, the history of which, and the lives of whom, would have added lustre to the most brilliant pages of ancient or modern history. The impressive ejaculation of an inspired penman—"Our fathers, where are they?" may well be repeated by Americans in the nineteenth century. The members of the *Old Congress*, ("I name them fill'd with solemn awe,") are, the most of them, reaping the reward of their patriotic labours in eternity. But how little does the rising generation know of their gigantic labours, and their splendid talents? We enjoy the rich legacy they bestowed upon their country; but their memories are almost obliterated by the admiration excited by their successors, and the astonishment occasioned by succeeding events.

Had America had her PLUTARCH, it would not have been so. Instead of devoting attention to the men and the events of ancient time, the youth of our Republic would be enraptured while they

hung, with assiduous devotion, upon the pages that recorded the labours of their grandsires in the cabinet, and their exploits in the field. The unceasing industry and exalted talents of a *Marshall*, has preserved to Americans the memory of their great political father, *George Washington*. The unrivalled genius of a *Wirt* has embalmed the memory of *Patrick Henry*. It is from such scholars, that we may hope hereafter to be gratified with a Biography of JAMES MONROE, President of the United States. It must be the history of his country, during the long period of his active life, and various official stations, for they are identified with each other. It is with the deepest solicitude, that I attempt a mere sketch of the life of this great man. That the sources from which I derived the information I possess upon this subject, so deeply interesting to the citizens of our Republic, are authentic, I have the most confident reliance.

JAMES MONROE, the fifth President of the United States, was born in the county of Westmoreland, in the state of Virginia, and upon the banks of the Potomac, in the year 1759. A century and an half previous, his ancestor migrated to the Western World, and was the original grantee of the soil upon which his illustrious descendant was born. He was educated at the ancient University of William and Mary. His residence in academic bowers, while it initiated him into the boundless fields of science and literature, did not render him effeminate. In 1776, when his threatened

and endangered country, called upon her sons to leave the peaceable employment of agriculture, and the delightful indulgence of literary pursuits, to endure the toil and privations of the "tented field," the gallant Monroe joined the embattled ranks of his countrymen, under the command of the celebrated general Mercer, who fell at Princeton. He was appointed a lieutenant in Col. Weedon's regiment, repaired with it to New-York, and joined the army under the command of General Washington. At the battle of *Harlem Heights*, he first faced a veteran enemy. He fought in the battle of *White Plains*, and was one who followed the apparently desperate fortune of Washington in the desponding retreat through New-Jersey. Although a youth of seventeen, he was not dismayed at the gloomy prospects that were before him and his beloved country. While many of the troops were leaving the standard of the Chief, and many citizens were joining the ranks of the enemy, lieutenant Monroe remained true to his commander, to his country, and to his God. The time was at hand when he was to spend his blood, and all but lose his life for his country.

The 26th of December, 1776, was a day memorable in the annals of the revolutionary struggle. The preceding night was as dark, gloomy, and horrible as the foreboding destiny of Washington and his devoted followers. Like the night that preceded the fall of Cæsar, the elements seemed to be at war. The roaring of the storm, the rattling of the hail, and

the concussions produced by the tumbling of ice in the rapid current of the Delaware, would have appalled any hearts but those of Republican Soldiers. The Delaware was crossed—the British post was surprised—their commander was slain, and his army were captured. "*The victory of Trenton*" operated upon disheartened Americans like a shock of electricity upon a morbid system. The particulars of the battle, and the part taken in it by lieutenant Monroe, I extract from *Wilkinson's Memoirs*, Vol. I. p. 129.

"It was now broad day, and the storm beat violently in our faces; the attack had commenced on the left, and was immediately answered by Col. Stark in our front, who forced the enemy's picket, and pressed into the town; our column being close at his heels. The enemy made a momentary shew of resistance, by a wild and undirected fire from the windows of their quarters, which they abandoned as we advanced, and made an attempt to form in the main street, which might have succeeded, but for a six gun battery opened by Capt. T. Forest, under the immediate order of Gen. Washington, at the head of King's street, which annoyed the enemy in various directions; and the decision of Capt. William Washington, who, seconded by Lieut. JAMES MONROE, (now President of the United States,) led the advanced guard of the left column, perceiving that the enemy were endeavouring to form a battery—rushed forward, drove the artilleryists from their guns, and took two pieces in the act of firing.

"These officers were both wounded in the charge; the Captain in the wrist, the Lieutenant through the shoulder. These particular acts of gallantry have never been noticed, and yet they could not have been too highly appreciated; for if the enemy had got his artillery into operation, in a narrow street, it might have checked our movement, and given him time to form and reflect; and if he had retired across the bridge in his rear, and taken post, he would have placed a defile between us, which, in our half naked, half frozen condition, he ought to have defended against our utmost efforts; and we in turn might have been compelled to retreat, which would have been fatal to us."

Lieutenant MONROE lingered long with his wounds, and barely survived them. His subsequent military life must be rapidly glanced over. For his consummate bravery in the battle of Trenton, he was promoted to a captaincy; and was soon after selected by Lord Sterling as his Aid-de-Camp. In this capacity, he served with this gallant friend of America, in the campaign of 1777 and 1778. With him he fought in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, and the survivors remember him with affectionate attachment. He was soon after appointed to the command of a regiment to be raised in Virginia, having secured the esteem, and having received the highest recommendation of Washington. Subsequent events prevented the raising of the regiment, and Col. MONROE remained in his native state.

He commenced the study of law under the direction of one of his illustrious predecessors, THOMAS JEFFERSON. But his native state was soon after invaded; and he volunteered his service in the militia. In 1780, he was appointed by Mr. Jefferson, then governor of Virginia, as a military commissioner, and visited the southern army in that capacity. His conduct in this important trust, met with undivided approbation.

Col. Monroe, near the close of the revolutionary war, commenced his legislative and diplomatic career. It would require volumes to go into details. As, in a military capacity, he fought in the most disastrous periods of the great struggle for Independence; so, when he was at the termination of it, invested with official functions in civil life, involving the highest responsibility, he had difficulties to encounter which nothing but the most matured judgment could obviate; nothing but the most consummate prudence surmount. He might have said then, as he did in his Inaugural Speech, as PRESIDENT—*"From a just responsibility, I shall never shrink;"* for his whole civil life has been a practical comment upon this declaration.

At the age of twenty-three, (1782,) he was elected a member of the house of commons in Virginia, and by that body, in the same year, appointed a member of the executive council. In 1783 he was elected a member of the Areopagus of America, the "OLD CONGRESS." He was probably the youngest member of that august body. To be surrounded by

the hoary sages of the Republic, and to take a part in deliberations, the most interesting that ever monopolized the solemn attention of an human tribunal, surely must have excited all his solicitude, and aroused all his vigilance.

At the close of the war, the thirteen states were held together by nothing but that feeble bond of union, "The Old Confederation." The small states were jealous of the power of the larger ones; the large states thought it humiliation to be reduced to an equality with the smaller ones. Mr. MONROE, with the sagacity of a statesman, early foresaw the calamities that would befall the *confederated* states for the want of a *national* authority. A *consolidated* government had some powerful advocates, but was resisted by an immense majority of the people of the Republic. In 1786, he introduced a motion to vest in Congress the power of regulating the commercial concerns of all the states. This motion, according to the journals of the old Congress, was frequently discussed. It was the germ of our inimitable constitution, which was afterwards adopted.

Virginia, the native state of Mr. MONROE, and then the largest in territory and population in the union, proposed to cede to Congress her territory beyond the Ohio, on condition that no states should be incorporated in it beyond certain prescribed limits. He introduced and obtained the adoption of a resolution in Congress, recommending to that state to make an unconditional grant,

and the state acceded to the proposition.

At about this period, serious controversies began to arise between some of the states, in regard to their territorial limits. Conflicting claims between independent states, in relation to their boundaries, uniformly assume an hostile aspect. Disputes of this kind have caused centuries of war, and have inundated the contested territory in blood. Congress, with the solicitude of a parent to heal the contentions of his children, interposed all the authority that body of gigantic statesmen then possessed, to produce mutual concessions and cordial conciliation. The eyes of Congress were fixed upon Mr. MONROE as a suitable member of a high tribunal, to adjust these controversies. His appointment met with the cordial approbation of the contending states. It was a period when the utmost exertion of *right* was deemed injudicious, and, where claims admitted of doubt, extremely dangerous. Amicable arrangements were made, and the authority vested in this important court was never exercised.

A provision in the Old Confederation, rendered a member of Congress ineligible to a seat in that body for more than three years in succession. Mr. MONROE, having sustained this high station for that period, returned to the bosom of his admiring friends in his native state. Conscious, that although young, he had become matured in the wisdom acquired by experience, the electors of the county of Spott-

sylvania returned him as a member of the legislature of Virginia, in 1787. His devotion to the cause of his country in this situation, induced his fellow citizens to appoint him a member of the convention of the state of Virginia, to decide the question, the great and momentous question, upon the adoption of our present excellent constitution, in 1788.

The assertion may be made without the imputation of presumption, that never, since the institution of civil society, was a form of government established with such cool deliberation, such profound reflection, and such sagacious foresight, as the constitution of the United States. The forms of all the governments instituted from the days of the great law-giver of the Jews, to near the close of the eighteenth century, were before the Statesmen of the American Republic. The experience of ages had tested their excellencies, and rendered their defects ostensible. The public mind had been, in some measure, prepared for the decision of the great question, by the profound investigations of MADISON, JAY, and HAMILTON. Three millions of freemen had just disenthralled themselves from the power of the British Crown. They had literally waded through blood to obtain their independence; and having emancipated themselves from a foreign power, which they would not acknowledge, they were jealous even of a necessary power for their own government. But the people were *intelligent*, and an appeal to their understanding was never unsuccessfully made.

The debates in the different state conventions upon the adoption of the constitution, would astonish the statesmen of any country. These conventions were composed of men of every class in society, from the orator, who would not suffer by a comparison with a *Burke*, or a *Fox*, down to the plain man of unostentatious demeanour, who could not *speak*, but nevertheless could *hear*, *reflect*, and *vote*. In the Virginia convention, Mr. MONROE was surrounded by the great and experienced statesmen of that Commonwealth. He had a part to perform, and, with the modest assurance which is a concomitant with real greatness, he performed it. The limits of this Sketch will not admit, even of an abstract of his speech delivered upon this interesting occasion. It evinces a familiar knowledge of the great principles of our government.

About this period, the question of the right of navigation upon the Mississippi, was brought into discussion between the American and Spanish governments. It was even thought of surrendering the right! The comprehensive views of Mr. MONROE, induced him to oppose it with all his energy. He presented a statement of the subject to Congress, which shews the expanse of his mind, and his devotion to the best interests of his country.

In 1789, the government of the United States commenced its operations under the constitution. Before that period, the states, although they had, in the most solemn and deliberate manner, de-

clared themselves independent of the British Crown, yet they could hardly be said to have had a government; for no designated body exercised what is sometimes called the *jura summa imperii*. The individual states each possessed a municipal power over their own citizens; and although they were all represented in Congress, yet Congress possessed, in reality, no *efficient* power, when they most needed it, to call into operation the whole resources of the republic. They recommended measures to the states, and the approbation of the sainted Washington of the measures recommended, gave to them the force of law. They found in the people a public, a Roman, like virtue, which made them overlook private interests, in the safety of the Republic.

In 1790, Mr. MONROE was elected a Senator of the U. States by the State of Virginia. Having been the pupil of Washington in the field, he now became one of his councillors in the Cabinet. Perhaps no body of men, ever assembled upon earth, had a duty of greater delicacy, responsibility, and danger to perform, than the *First Congress*. A Constitution had been adopted, and reluctantly adopted by some of the states. Not having *practically* experienced its excellence, many were alarmed at some of its *principles*. They thought in the President, they recognized a King—in the Senate, an House of Lords—and in the House of Representatives, an House of Commons. The great men who were first called to put the powers delega-

ted to them by this constitution into operation, felt that they must exercise a prudent caution, almost inconsistent with necessary energy. The nation was involved in debt—the finances were deranged—commerce was unregulated—and there was no national Judiciary. The surviving veterans of the revolution were reduced to mendicancy by a depreciated and almost an annihilated paper currency. They had surrendered their arms, divested themselves of the power of a *soldiery*, and became powerless *citizens*, while their unparalleled sacrifices in the cause of their emancipated country remained unrewarded.

The duties to be performed by the first Congress, would seemingly have dismayed a Lycurgus, or an Alfred. But the courage displayed in the field, was equalled by the wisdom exercised in the Cabinet. The Journals of that Congress show the part taken by Mr. MONROE in all the great measures upon which the vital interests of his country were suspended. He was of an age when most men commence a public life in a subordinate station. But, like the son of Edmund Burke, "*he was born a public man.*" It will be the duty and the pleasure of the future Biographer to detail his labours in this highly responsible station.

From the commencement of the revolution, to the year 1794, the American people felt little of the acrimony of party spirit. In the great struggle for independence, "common danger made them friends." The nerveless

sons of Columbia, called *tories*, who were captivated by the gaudy charms of royalty, and frightened by the roaring of the British lion, although more merciless than the foreign foe, are now remembered with no emotions but those of pity and contempt. At the period last mentioned, two great political parties began to assume a "shape and form" in our Republic, each claiming to be equally attached to the constitution, and each claiming to be equally sincere in advancing the interest of the Commonwealth. Political parties are the result of political freedom, and difference of opinion, is a consequence flowing from the investigation of human rights. Errors of opinion, in this respect, will never become dangerous, so long as "*reason is left free to combat them.*"

The French revolution commenced under the mild auspices of *Fayette* and *Mirabeau*, and was even aided by *Louis XVI.* the only *European monarch*, who was ever a friend to the AMERICAN REPUBLIC. Whatever it may have produced in its consummation, its commencement and early progress, was hailed as an auspicious event by the friends of the rights of man, wherever such rights were known. It had advocates amongst the first statesmen of England. A *Bedford* and a *Lauderdale*, in the presence of majesty—a *Fox* and a *Sheriden*, before the people, audibly proclaimed their approbation.

The French people, from the reign of *Clovis*, their first monarch, to the year 1789, had been a subjugated, a degraded, a vassal

race. By their ambitious monarchs, they were considered as ammunition, to be expended in the accomplishment of their guilty projects of ambition—by their imbecile and effeminate Kings, they were treated as instruments to advance their voluptuousness, and increase their splendour. In the American revolution, they learned the blessings of freedom, even amidst the sufferings with which it was *then* enjoyed in our country. From the extremes of despotism, they knew no *regular* progress to the enjoyment of rational liberty. As the suppressed fires of *Ætna* find vent only by a devastating volcano; so the extreme oppression of twenty-five millions of Frenchmen were relieved by prostrating every vestige of the power that had long chained them to vassalage.

The American Republic found its first friends among Frenchmen. From the French Court was the first Minister Plenipotentiary deputed to the American Republic, the *Sieur Giraud*. "The reception of a minister from the most powerful prince in Europe, being among the first and most important insignia of independence, was alike new and gratifying to the United States."*

[We hope to be able, in our next Number, to complete this brief Biographical Sketch of our justly admired President, and shall then resume the subject of "*Connecticut Biography.*"]

* Marshall's Life of Washington. Vol. III. p. 553.

Agricultural Department.

"AGRICULTURE—THE PRESERVATIVE ART OF ALL ARTS."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

IT is hardly within the compass of the human imagination to conceive of a more animating scene than that which Connecticut now presents to the view of an observer. Instead of hearing "*dreadful notes of preparation*" for the "*tented field*"—the busy and thoughtful farmer is preparing his "*plough-share and pruning-hook*" for their wonted use. The well trained horse, and the noble ox are seen geared to the improved plough, and the cheerful notes of the ploughman echo around the hills and reverberate through the fertile vallies. The looing herds, sent forth from the stall to the field, are seen upon a thousand hills. The milk-maid, with the swimming pail is replenishing the dairy-room. The leaping lamb, and the bleating calf, in fearless gambols, range the grassy enclosure. All, all is charming ; and compels us to exclaim, in the language of the sweetest Christian Bard.

"Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and
love.

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Wide flush'd the fields; the softening air
is balm ;
Echo the mountains round; the forest
smiles ;
And every sense, and every heart is joy."

[The following is the organization of the *Hartford, Windham, and Northern Litchfield Co. Agricultural Societies* for 1819. Our limits prevent the insertion of all the Town Committees ; and we see no particular benefit that would arise from it.] Ed.

At a stated meeting of the Hartford County Agricultural Society, at the Court House in Hartford, February 16, 1819, the following persons were chosen Officers of the Society for the year ensuing.

Andrew Kingsbury, President.

Normond Knox, 1st Vice-President.

John Russ, 2d do.

Henry L. Ellsworth, Correspd. Sec.

Henry Seymour, Recording Secretary.

Christopher Colt, Treasurer.

Michael Olcott, Auditor.

David Porter, Chairman of Viewing Committee.

Charles Jencks, Chairman of Com. of Produce.

Samuel Woodruff, Chairman of Com. of Inspection.

Charles Sigourney, *George J. Patten*, *Jonathan Law*, *Lemuel Whitman*, *Ethan A. Andrews*, Com. of publications.

David Porter, *Levi Lusk*, *Aaron Buckland*, *Henry Newbury*, *Ethan A. Andrews*, *Noadiah Woodruff*, *Martin Sheldon*, *Geo. Plumer*, *Horace Barber*, Viewing Com.

Charles Jencks, *Pliny Hillyer*, *John Olds*, *Elias Lewis*, *Martin Kellogg*, *Joel Foote*, *Luther Savage*, *Jedidiah W. Mills*, *James*

Loomis, Samuel Smith, Ezra Hayden, Committee of Produce.

Samuel Woodruff, Aaron Bissell, Lemuel Roberts, Thaddeus Leavitt, Abiahther Newton, Richard Cowles, Jedidiah Mills, Reuben Barker, Levi Goodwin, Linus North, Simeon Lewis, Committee of Inspection.

Samuel Tolcott, Allen M. Mather, Asahel Hathaway, jr. Richard Pitkin, Barzillai Hudson, jr. Committee of Manufactures.

Shubael Griswold, Horace Cowles, Luther Scarborough, Jared Wells, Levi Hayden, jr. Com. on the best Ploughing.

CONSTITUTION OF THE WINDHAM CO. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

ARTICLE I.

The Society shall be known by the name of the *Windham County Agricultural Society*; and shall consist of Members residing in the County of Windham.

ARTICLE II.

The Stated Meetings shall be held in the town of Pomfret, on the third Monday of January, second Monday of March, and fourth Monday of November, annually, at one o'clock, P. M. The Meeting in January to be the Meeting for the choice of Officers; at which Meeting a President shall be chosen, whose duty it shall be to preserve order at the Meetings of the Society. And he shall have power to call Special Meetings of the Society when he shall think proper. Two Vice Presidents shall also be chosen, whose duty it shall be to preside at the Meetings of the Society in the absence of the President.—A treasurer shall also be elected, to receive all monies belonging to the Society, and pay them out by their direction, and annually render an account for the same.—A Secretary and Librarian shall also be chosen, who shall keep a record of all the proceedings of the Society, with all the books, papers, &c. belonging to it.—A Committee of not less than three Members shall also be chosen, to manage the concerns of the Society, and to correspond with such other Societies and gentlemen as they may think proper, upon Agricultural subjects. It shall also be their duty, to propose to the Society subjects for discussion at their Meetings; and at the meeting of the Society, on the second Monday of March, annually, they shall propose to the Members, subjects for experiments. At the meeting of the Society on the fourth Monday of November, annually, the Committee shall report their correspondence, &c.; and the

Members who have been appointed to make experiments, shall communicate the result of them in writing.

ARTICLE III.

No person shall be admitted a Member, until a ballot be taken at a Stated Meeting of the Society, at which ballot, if two negatives appear, the person shall be rejected.

ARTICLE IV.

The Society shall have power to tax its Members, not exceeding two dollars annually, for the purpose of paying such premiums as the Society may award, and other necessary expences of the Society.

ARTICLE V.

At every Stated Meeting of the Society, some person or persons shall be appointed to deliver an Oration or Dissertation, or make some communication upon Agriculture, or its auxiliary branches of science, at the next following Stated Meeting.

ARTICLE VI.

No person shall be admitted a Member of this Society, until he shall first receive a ballot, and pay the sum of one dollar into the Treasury thereof. The Society shall at all times have a right to elect such gentlemen as they may think proper, as honorary Members. Ten members shall constitute a quorum for doing business. And no member shall have a right to sell or transfer his interest in the funds of the Society.

ARTICLE VII.

No business shall be transacted at the Meetings of the Society after 8 o'clock, P. M. And any Member, desirous of speaking in said Meeting, shall arise, and respectfully address the President; and no Member shall speak more than twice upon the same subject, without liberty from the Meeting. No Member shall have a right to act or vote in the Meetings of the Society, until he shall have paid any fines or penalties he may have previously incurred. The Society shall also have power to punish its Members by expulsion, for non-conformity to their rules, or for misdemeanor; provided, that no Member shall be expelled, except by vote of two-thirds of the Members present at a Stated Meeting. Any Member, upon application to a Stated Meeting of the Society, may be dismissed from the same; but shall forfeit his interest in the funds and property thereof. Any Member, having absented himself one year successively from the Stated Meetings of the Society, shall be no longer consid-

ered as a Member, and shall lose his interest therein. He may, however, upon application to a Stated Meeting of the Society, be restored by a vote, to the same.

ARTICLE VIII.

Whenever any Member of the Society shall take out any book or books belonging to the Society, he shall return them at their next Stated Meeting. No Member shall lend any book belonging to the Society, except it be to a proprietor, under penalty of forfeiting the price of said book, payable at the Treasury. Any Member, neglecting to return the books which he shall have taken, belonging to said Society, at the next Stated Meeting of said Society, shall pay a fine of twenty-five cents, and an addition of a like sum for every subsequent Stated Meeting, until such books are returned.

ARTICLE IX.

The Society reserve to themselves the right to alter, repeal, add to, or abrogate, any part or parts of the foregoing regulations: Provided, that two-thirds of the Members present at any Stated Meeting shall vote for the same. No alteration in the By-Laws shall, however, be made; nor shall any Member be admitted, unless ten Members be present.

Officers elected for the year 1819.

THOMAS HUBBARD, M. D.	President.
DARIUS MATHEWSON,	V. President.
AMOS PAYNE,	Treasurer.
LEMUEL HAYWARD,	Sec'y & Lib'r'n.
WILLIAM KINNEY,	Committee of Correspondence.
THOMAS HUBBARD,	
EDMOND BADGER,	
EBENEZER THOMPSON,	
JAMES MCLELLAN,	

An agricultural Society has recently been formed in the northern section of Litchfield county, by the name of *The Northern Agricultural Society in the County of Litchfield*. At a late meeting of said society the following officers were elected; viz.

Martin Rockwell,	President.
Jeremiah W. Phelps,	1st Vice President.
Chauncey Seymour,	2d do.
Oliver Mills,	3d do.
Roger Coe,	4th do.
Andrew Abernethy,	Corresponding Sec.
Seth Marshall,	Recording Secretary.
James Boyd,	Treasurer.
Nathaniel B. Gaylord,	Auditor.

Viewing Committee--Reuben Rockwell, Elizur Munger, Roswell Marsh, Jonathan

Coe, jr. Isaiah Tuttle, Lent Benham, Paul Roberts, jr. Arah Phelps.

Committee of Produce--Leonard Hurlbut, Stephen Fyler, Sylvester Seymour, Oliver Phelps, Zebina Smith, Ezra Doolittle, Theron Rockwell, James Shepherd, Horace Higley.

Committee on Domestic Manufactures--Nathaniel Stevens, Thomas C. Brinsmade, Seth Marshall, Elijah Grant, Bissel Hinsdale, Barzillai Hudson, William Markham, Bailey Birge, James Boyd.

Inspecting Committee--Horace Higley, Arah Phelps, Uriel Tuttle, Giles Russell, Thomas Curtis, Lemuel Hurlbut, Andrew Abernethy, Ezra Doolittle, Launcelot Phelps.

Committee of Publication--Andrew Abernethy, Reuben Rockwell, Seth Marshall.

Committee for the Inspection of Butter and Cheese--Amos Tolles, Malachi Humphrey, Leonard Hurlbut, Roswell Marsh, Arah Phelps.

[We continue, in this Number, the Address of the Hon. NOAH WEBSTER, and again urge our agricultural friends, to give it that careful perusal which its importance demands.] Ed.

(Continued from page 52.)

A PRIMARY object in rural economy, and one to which every farmer must direct particular attention, is, to replenish the earth with the proper nutriment of plants. Our ancestors found the earth covered with a rich vegetable mould, the remains of decomposed leaves and plants, which for a series of years, produced abundant crops, and precluded the necessity of making or preserving manures. This circumstance generated a habit of negligence, in providing manure, the effects of which are still visible, in every part of the country. If we were to inquire, who, in this respect, is without fault, it might be difficult to find the man who would venture to throw the first stone. About our houses and barns, in the highways and in the fields, we every where see proofs of this negligence. But nothing is more certain, than that land will be exhausted, and agriculture decline, unless the soil is regularly supplied with as much nutrition as the crops draw from it. To devise the means of furnishing adequate

supplies of manure, is a most important object, and calls for a contribution of all the knowledge and experience of the members of this Society, and for all the information derivable from other sources.

In general, it may be observed that almost every animal and vegetable substance furnishes a portion of the food of plants; and every such substance, not more valuable for some other purpose, should be converted to this use. Great improvements may be made, in making and collecting manure, by so constructing stables, sties, and barn-yards, as to save the excretions of domestic animals, and by mixing them with other manuring substances.

Ashes, leached and unleached, are well known to be a valuable manure—and their effect is particularly remarkable in producing clover on dry land.

Lime or calcarious earth, is considered as manure of value upon some kinds of soil; but probably it has been little used within the limits of this Society. It must remain for future experience to determine its efficacy, and the kind of soil to which it may be usefully applied.

Marine shells, beds of which gave inexhaustible fertility to certain tracts of land on the sea-shore, are not within our reach—and the like remark is applicable to fish, muscles, and sea-weed.

Marl is a manure of great value; but I am not informed whether any considerable beds of it have been found in this region. The discovery of such beds is however, an object too interesting, to escape the attention of this Society.

Gypsum or plaster-stone is a very efficacious manure, on some kinds of soil, and for some species of plants.—Its real value however has not been ascertained, in all cases by accurate experiments; and on some crops, its value is probably overrated. A series of experiments on different soils, conducted with skill and care, and the results ascertained by weight and measure, would throw important light on this subject, and direct the husbandman to a more successful application of this manure.

There is one resource for restoring fertility to an impoverished soil, which is within every farmer's power—this is the seeding of land with some kind of grass. It is a striking evidence of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, that those species of plants which either grow spontaneously in the greatest abundance, or are produced with the most ease by cultivation, as herbage for cattle, should also be well adapted to fertilize the earth, and prepare

it for producing grain, the food of man. The sowing of grass-seed and a rotation of crops, are among the most important improvements in agriculture, introduced during the last century. The beneficial effects of this practice are now so well understood, that the man who suffers his land to rest unseeded, after a crop, for a purpose of recruiting its strength by a spontaneous growth of weeds and grass, may be considered as neglecting one of the most obvious advantages which Providence has offered to his industry.

In the preparation and management of the manure of barn-yards, and of compost, it is important to provide shelter to secure them from waste. In the common practice of suffering the substances to lie spread, and exposed to a burning sun and to washing rains, during the summer, it is probable that one half of the nutritious matter is lost. The substances, in a state of decomposition, should be sheltered from rains and the direct action of the sun, or, if this cannot be done, they should be collected into large piles and covered with earth, weeds or straw.

In rural economy, it is of no small moment to attend to the destruction of weeds. The more perfectly free from weeds land can be kept, the larger and better will be the crops; as weeds deprive grain of a part of the nutrition of the soil, and prevent the action of the sun, which is necessary to elaborate the juices, separate the water from the nutritious matter, and bring the fruit to perfection. Noxious plants therefore should be effectually subdued; and such as spring up among corn and potatoes, after the plough and hoe can be used with safety, should be extirpated by the hand, before their seeds are ripened. And what shall we say of the farmer who suffers a rank, luxuriant growth of briars and weeds to stand unmolested about his house and barn, and on the borders of his garden and fields? The best mode of subduing and extirpating weeds, is a subject that demands particular attention—nor is it less important to check the introduction and spread of any new plant that is noxious to the growth of grass and grain. The Canada thistle, one of the most pernicious and troublesome weeds, and of very difficult extirpation, has spread over the northern parts of New-England, and is extending itself into the southern. It is now seen in the counties of Franklin and Hampshire, and in the town of Windsor in Connecticut; the seeds being conveyed from the North in grass seed, and

in oats or other fodder for horses. Its seeds are feathered, and wafted to a distance by the wind; and it propagates itself by lateral or horizontal roots. My own experience teaches that it is barely possible to eradicate this plant, and if the farmers have a just sense of their true interest, they will attack it on its first appearance, and check its propagation.

The variety of the species of grass and roots which grow well in this climate, precludes the probability of a general failure of provisions and fodder; and the experience of nearly two centuries authorises the belief that the inhabitants of New-England are little exposed to famine. But let it be considered that our seasons are extremely variable, and that the revolution of a few years exhibits all the varieties of wet and dry, warm, cool, and temperate summers. Our crops are all exposed to destruction from winter-killing, insects, and unseasonable frosts. We know by observation that some species of grain thrive best in one kind of season; others, in another; cool, temperate, and moderately dry weather is far most favourable to wheat, rye, oats, and barley; but warm summers are necessary to ripen maize or American corn. As we are unable, when we sow and plant, to foresee what the general character of the summer is to be, prudence dictates, that we should commit to the earth, every year, a due proportion of the seeds of every species of grain and roots, on which we depend for the subsistence of men and cattle. By this practice we multiply the chances of securing a good crop from one or more of the kinds. The failure of one species of grain, in a particular season, is no good reason for neglecting to attempt to raise it, the next year. Indeed, in such a variable climate, such failure rather increases the probability of a good crop, the succeeding year. After the loss of American corn by frost in 1816, a great cry was raised against the cultivation of that species of grain in New-England; and with no inconsiderable effect; for a less quantity of it has been planted, the last two years, and more land has been appropriated to the raising of other species of grain, and of potatoes. The present year has shown the impropriety of this change of practice; for potatoes and several kinds of grain have produced a light crop, and the season has been favourable to maize. The inference from these facts is, that we should not suffer a particular instance of ill success, to

influence our general course of husbandry. In the course of agricultural improvement, the art of draining wet lands, which is now in its infancy in this country, will demand the attention of farmers. Land abounding with springs may often be much improved by draining. Valleys or depressions of land between hills, often contain a body of alluvial soil, swept by rains from the adjacent declivities, enriched by deposits of vegetable mould, which have been accumulating for ages. These when freed from a superabundance of water, and exposed to the influence of the sun, will often be found most excellent land for grazing or tillage.

For the security of crops, good fences are indispensable; and most of the towns within this district abound with materials for this purpose. The hilly country is generally furnished with stone; and many towns have a supply of chesnut, an invaluable timber for fencing. The towns adjacent to the river, when other materials fail, or become too expensive, will find a resource in the cultivation of the thorn.

This subject naturally suggests the importance of attending to the preservation and increase of wood and timber. Perhaps, in no particular, are the people of this country less provident, than in the continual destruction of these articles, without attempting to supply the waste. They seem not to consider that the labour of a few weeks only is sufficient to prostrate a forest; but that the growth of an age is necessary to replace it. In a large part of New-England, good timber and wood for fuel are already scarce; and with an increasing population, and growing manufactures, in a cold climate, what is to be the situation of the inhabitants, a century hence, without more care and economy! Let every owner of land consider that even now a forest of pine, oak, chesnut, ash, and maple, adds a great value to his farm; and that this value will increase or diminish, according to his care in the management of his wood land.

In the cultivation of fruit trees, there is in this region of country, great room for improvement; both in the pruning and cultivation of such trees as we have, and in supplying better species of fruit. It is painful to see valuable orchards in a state of decay, merely for want of culture—and equally to be regretted that so little attention is paid to the selection of good fruit, especially durable and pleasant fruit for winter's use. The trouble and expence

of procuring the best species, are very inconsiderable, and furnish no just apology for the neglect. Peaches thrive well, in the neighbourhood, but the produce is precarious, and the tree short-lived; yet it is easily replaced, as it bears fruit the fourth or fifth year from the seed. The Quince thrives well, and seldom fails to yield fruit. The Plum-tree grows well, but is subject to premature decay from the bursting of the bark, and a consequent excrecence. This has been ascribed to the puncture of an insect, and the excrecence often contains a small worm. But this is not al-

ways the fact; and it may justly be questioned, whether the puncture of any insect would produce such an effect. It is most probably a disease, for which no effectual remedy has yet been discovered. But the most favourable position for this tree, according to my observation, is, in a moist strong soil, and in the coldest situation that can be found, as on the north side of a building or hedge.

Cherries of all kinds may be cultivated to advantage.

(To be continued.)

Department of Manufacture.

“MANUFACTURES—THE ARTS OF ELEGANCE, AND THE ARTS OF USE.”

[We are fully impressed with the belief that nothing can be furnished to our *manufacturing* friends superiour to the following continuation of the Address which we commenced in our last Number.] Ed.

(Continued from page 55.)

4th. That manufactures degrade and demoralize.

We are inclined to believe that in the British factories are found disgusting exhibitions of human depravity and wretchedness. But we cannot believe that the exercise of industry could ever be the cause of demoralizing any race of men; although unequal laws and bad examples may have that tendency. In this country there are extensive manufactories, and yet no such consequences are observed.

The best account we have of the pollution of British manufactures is in a work entitled “Espriella’s Letters.” To judge from that work, British manufactures are objects of abhorrence. But, for the honour of humanity, we must suppose that picture something over-coloured.

Surely, we have not witnessed in our fabrics any of those fearful apparitions, sitting through the smoke of their dismal repairs, like the spirits of the damned, squalid and palid, with green hair, red eyes, dis-

torted members, and ghastly aspect. But whoever has travelled through the towns and cities of the British Isles, during the last twenty-five years of war, must know that it is not alone in manufacturing districts, or manufacturing countries, that beggary and wretchedness are to be found. Whoever would describe depravity and immorality, may visit barracks, camps, and men-of-war; and, moreover, those nations which are not manufacturing will be found most to abound in profligacy and disorder. In those countries that enjoy the benefit of manufactures, their wholesome effect upon the morals of the people is too often defeated by the immoderate use of spiritous liquors, which, and not manufactures, are the most prolific source of poverty and immorality. Experience has shown that the persons employed in manufactories are as sober as any of the working class. A reason for which may be, that the employers have better means of watching over their conduct, and controlling their disorders; or, where that cannot be effected, discharging those whose bad example might corrupt the rest.

And it appears, from the authentic treatise of Mr. Colquhoun, that before the present unparalleled state of distress in England, there were only seven paupers to every hundred inhabitants in the manufacturing districts, and in others, not manufacturing, there were but twenty-one.

Was it manufactures that humbled Spain, whose power and pride stood once as high as England’s? What manufactures

strew the streets of Naples with idle Lazaroni? What manufactures debase Portugal? Is it the manufacturing of tooth-picks at the university of Coimbra? or is it the stripping off the bark from the cork tree in the forest, to be carried to England, cut, and sent back to bottle their wine? Is it the encouragement of domestic manufactures that has degraded the children of Erin? or is it that every demoniac effort has been used, to depress its industry, stifle its genius, and trample down its virtues?

And why is Canada so different from the United States, although untaxed? Because, even the timber of their woods is sent to be made into ships, and returned, ready framed, to be launched on the lakes for their defence.

But at length, though late, the continental nations have taken the alarm, and combinations are formed, by both sexes, against the importation of these manufactures! Shall we be less quicksighted? If, in war, they could not overcome us, shall they in peace destroy us? If they feel now the effects of their ambition, they cannot complain: 'They are the general challengers. We come but as others do, to try with them the strength of our youth.'

We have, besides, none of those great manufacturing cities; nor do we wish for such. Our fabrics will not require to be situated near mines of coal, to be worked by fire or steam, but rather on chosen sites, by the fall of water, and the running streams, the seats of health and cheerfulness, where good instruction will secure the morals of the young, and good regulations will promote, in all, order, cleanliness, and the exercise of the civil duties. This, with the beneficial clauses usual in our indentures of apprenticeship, and the vigilant eye of the magistrate to enforce them, will obviate every apprehension. And we hazard nothing by the assertion, that some of the best educated of the poorer class, in this country, are those brought up in factories, and such as would otherwise have been destitute of education altogether; and those whose tenderness inclines them to make this objection are requested to reflect, that the paternal regard of the legislature is awake to this subject; and that, to every institution of this kind, a school will be appendant. Then, if it please heaven to redeem the thousands, and tens of thousands, that groan in the land of bondage, and open them a passage through the waves, as to the Israelites of old, this shall be their land of promise. Here shall their industry find its

reward; and if they fear sickness or decrepitude in our factories, there is no authority, power, or necessity, that can confine them for a day. They may shape their course to any part of a territory as expansive as the ocean they have traversed, find a thousand ways to bestow their industry to their advantage, with land, free and unoccupied, on which to settle; and under no circumstances need they fear the dreadful calamity of famine, from which they fled.

5th. That manufactures should be left to their natural growth.

To the friends of America, it will be argument enough that domestic manufactures are for the permanent interest of their country, and the only sure means of our independence. What would not wisdom and patriotism do to secure such objects?

We ask not one-third of the protection which Britain has bestowed upon her manufactures. We ask not more protection than our commerce has received by discriminating duties and navigation laws; and what we do ask, is but until our tender grizzle shall be hardened, and our joints knit. But under what protection British manufactures grew, and still maintain themselves, we shall now show: and then, in our turn, ask these advisers, why ours should be left to themselves rather than their own.

Coeval with the first dawn of English prosperity, we find in the British code, laws for the protection of British manufactures. One of their ancient kings, the third Edward, is magnified in their history, for his wise foresight in enacting these statutes, to which their increasing greatness is ascribed. To those acts is referred the consequence to which that little island has since attained; the bursting of the feudal chains; the growth of art and science; and that power, of which the abuse has at length recoiled upon the head of pride and usurpation.

We do not ask for such laws as the British code exhibits. We would not sacrifice to a golden idol the rights or feelings of humanity. We would not chain to the ground the harmless artificer; nor under accumulated penalties restrain his natural rights. Yet such are British statutes. The oppressor may trample on him, famine stare him in the face; his children cry for bread, when he has none to give them; be his disgust or his enterprise what it may, he "must abide the pelting of the storm;" his native land is his dun-

geon, and his industry his crime. If a master of an American vessel offer to transport him to a country where his heart's hopes are centred, he, too, is condemned, as "*a seducer of artisans*," to like ruinous inflictions, and punished for his charitable ministry. The exporter of a tool or implement used in any art, or the master who receives it in his ship, is subject to similar pains and forfeitures.

Nor is this, like the feudal laws, or monastic institutions, an obsolete system; many of these statutes are of modern date, and some of the time of the reigning monarch.* We wish for nothing that can affect the personal right of any individual; citizen, alien, native, or foreigner; we claim only for our country the honourable protection of its very dearest interests. But, we think this argument may show how far Great Britain is from doing that herself which her emissaries never fail to preach to us—that is, letting her manufactures take care of themselves. Nor is it the king, nor his cabinet, nor his parliament, to whom this policy is to be ascribed. It is the public voice. So dearly do Englishmen prize that interest they would have us forego.

We would here notice two branches of domestic manufactures, the shoe and hat manufactures, which have, by the means of the protection of government, prospered to that degree that they, at this day, render us independent of foreign supply. But facts are so abundant that the details would lead to interminable length.

We find a member of parliament, the celebrated Mr. Brougham, who brought about the repeal of the orders in council, by showing the effects of our non-importation law upon their manufactures. This energetic denouncer of the abuses of power, versed in the subject, and speaking for popularity, in arraigning as madness the excessive exportations to the continent of Europe, admits, nevertheless, "that it is well worth while to incur a loss on the first exportation, in order, by the glut, to stifle in the cradle those rising manufactures in the United States, which the war, had forced into premature existence, contrary," as he is pleased to assert, "to the natural course of things." And a celebrated writer on the colonial policy of Great Britain, whose words are considered next to official, in a chapter on the relative situation of Great

Britain and America, as manufacturing rivals, speaks thus: "This is the era (he says) of a systematic contest which must, eventually, endanger the safety of the manufactures of the one or the other." Now, though this is not a war of arms, yet it is a war more subtle and more deadly, a war that can deprive us of every means of future resistance, and insure success to some future invasion. It is that warfare, which, two years after victory, has left us worse than a conquered nation; without a single piece of coined money in the purse of any individual. If we hesitate now, we deserve our adversary's scorn; if we will be deceived, why should he not deceive us; if we are content to be undone, why should he feel remorse; if we have no remedy, we are to be pitied and not blamed; if we have, and want courage to apply it, we are to be blamed, but not pitied. If we do not make a stand upon this ground, we need defend no other post; thier interest, supported by the government, by their laws, by public patronage, and wealthy combinations, by export duties, and bounties on exportation, will prevail against our's, unsupported and neglected, and our interest will be more than endangered, in this systematic contest, if one gives all the blows, and the other passively receives them.

Nor is it a principle of English origin, merely to encourage and protect domestic arts. All wise states have acted on it. In ancient Rome, though artificers were of the class of slaves, they were greatly favoured. They had their own temples, chose their own patrons to defend their causes, and were exempt from personal services to the state. They were incorporated into colleges or companies, had their own tutelary gods, and when their labours were ended, they hung up their tools with ceremonial rites as votive offerings; and all this for their utility alone, having to fear no hostile competition.

Besides, it is not against an armed force we are now to array ourselves, nor against legitimate or liberal competition, but against concealed hostility, and practices full of dishonour. Whether these proceed from the government, or the people, or from an interested class, they will not be less ruinous to us, unless we oppose them by means prompt, vigorous, and effective. If in ordinary times such conspiracy against our pros-

* Geo. I. c. 27. Geo. III. c. 13. Geo. III. c. 71. Geo. III. c. 37. Geo. III. c. 60.

perity was dangerous, how animated must it now become, when they have no other way left of destroying us, no other market wherein to vend their goods; when they are willing to incur such loss for the purpose of stifling in the cradle that resource of which they can see the advantage to us, though we ourselves be blind to it. And we have too many proofs that neither people nor government think it below their dignity, nor above their ability to do by us as by every other nation whose industry stands in the way of their monopoly, by sea or land.

Will a nation, then, which spends millions to destroy the manufactures of other nations, and find markets for her own, hesitate to expend a few millions to crush the manufactures of one whom she honours with the name of rival? Her restraints on our growing prosperity and national industry, and on the migration of arts and artisans to our shores, led to resistance; that resistance to independence; and that independence to our present greatness. The second war she waged against us gave us manufactures; against these she is now waging the third war, and if she can succeed in this third war, she calculates rightly upon our ruin and subjection.

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

An observing traveller upon that part of Connecticut river which washes, flows, and fertilizes

that part of Connecticut through which it rolls, will be gratified to see the boats, which come from the North to Hartford, and the towns below it, filled with waggons, ploughs, hogsheads, barrels, and various other articles of "domestic manufacture," and unloading them into vessels bound to the South. If well manufactured, they find a ready market, and afford an immense profit upon stock and labour.

The "travelling merchant" is loading his waggons with woollen and cotton cloths, tin-ware &c. for the South and West—and the pedestrian pedlar, balancing his body by two trunks, loaded with combs, thread, and buttons, is carrying to every door the product of the industry and ingenuity of our own citizens. Connecticut really bids fair to become the great work-shop of our Republic, as Birmingham and Manchester are the "toy-shops" of the British Empire.

Ed.

Miscellaneous Department.

"MAN—PLEAS'D WITH VARIETY MUST BE INDULG'D."

ORIGINAL.

THE SOCIAL COMPANION.

April, 1819.....Paper III.

"The man who is doomed to write for the press, at prescribed periods, often brings to the task a recollection confused—a mind dejected, and a body debilitated."

THE motto I have chosen for my third "Paper," with a trifling variation, is the language of an author whose gigantic genius—

whose wonderful productions, have raised, to an exalted height, the literary reputation of his own country, and which have excited

the admiration of readers of almost every class in our own.

Its force can hardly be realized by the man of active business, and diversified life. The merchant may dash off half a dozen "letters of advice," in mercantile style, to his correspondents or agents, and they are no sooner read, than concealed in "appropriate files."—The lawyer draws his declarations, from *prescribed* forms; and after passing through two or three hands, they are deposited upon shelves, already bending under the ponderous load of similar productions. The physician rapidly writes his prescriptions, and they are immediately cast away amongst the rubbish of the drug-shop. And even the divine, who writes upon subjects of all others, the most important, composes his discourses in his study—delivers them to his congregation, and then lays them in his Bureau. Correspondence, of almost every kind, is carried on privately, and the subjects and the manner of treating them, never divulged.

In all these instances, the writer escapes the censorious remarks of the critic—the sneers of the pedant—the good-natured or ill-natured railery of general readers, and the profound opinions of those who do not read at all. Far otherwise is the case with *periodical writers*, and with the editors of *periodical publications*—whether *daily*, *weekly*, or *monthly*. They, like the rest of mankind, have the duties of life to perform, and the civilities of life to reciprocate—are equally liable to its disappointments, its pains, and its calamities.

Besides; the labour of the mind is far more fatiguing than that of the body, especially if it be *incessant*. The agriculturalist—the manufacturer, and the mechanic, closes his business with the setting sun, and enjoys uninterrupted repose until his rising beams call them again to labour. But to the labour of the *periodical* writer there is no period; i. e. no end.

Amongst the many wise sayings of Solomon, he never uttered a wiser one, than when he declared that "*Much study is a weariness to the flesh.*" It is very certain that he did not *publish* his *Proverbs periodically*; for had he done so, he would have found, in the harmonious and figurative language of the East, a much more pathetic exclamation.

The "*Social Companion*" being charmed with *sociability*, and the exhilarating pleasures of society, may forget the day, or the week when the "*Rural Magazine*" is to be *published*. The Printer calls upon the Publisher for matter—the Publisher calls upon the Editor—and the Editor, with an air of impatience, calls upon *me*. Amidst this din of calls, I had really rather be "*called late to dinner*" than not to answer it with *something*. But the chill of winter often freezes the mind, as well as the body; and the lukewarm heat of spring *thaws* the intellect so slowly, that it is a long time before it will *sprout*.

After having pondered thus long upon the pains of *periodical* authorship, I began to walk about my room. I again determined "*To write and flounder on, in mere despair,*"

knowing that an observation, not altogether destitute of meaning, may sometimes be *cudgelled* even out of "hard bound brains." But I soon found it was totally impossible to make an instrument "*discourse elegant music*," that could *sound* nothing but what is vulgarly called "*straight base*—"

"Then *knew'd* my pen—then *dash'd* it to the ground,
"Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound."

But lest my readers should think me discouraged, I assure them that in the "*Rural*" month of May, they shall hear from me again in the "*Rural Magazine*."

Since scribbling the above, ARIEL has returned; and as he has explored a second time the whole state of Connecticut, he assumed *visibility* before me, and enquired, with great apparent interest, "Why, upon a certain day, all the good people of Connecticut were in array against each other?" I told him it was not his business to enquire, nor mine to explain. "Well, sir," said he "what astonished me most was, that upon the very next morning, the most perfect harmony was completely restored; and the whole population returned to their wonted employments. Such a scene I never *before* witnessed, and scarcely believed it possible that it could have been presented to an observer." *Ariel*, said I, the people of Connecticut are a "peculiar people." Tenacious of their rights, they yet differ in regard to the most expedient mode of securing them. Taught from the cradle, the necessity of order—"Heavens first Law"—

they know it can never be maintained but by regular subordination. Cautious into whose hands they entrust power, they cheerfully submit to its proper exercise. "Happy people," exclaimed he, "may the unparalleled blessings they enjoy be perpetuated." S.

P.S. The Social Companion informs "*Harriot*" that her interesting Letter will be incorporated into the next "*Paper*"—and in the mean time it is hoped she will continue to write upon what she calls "*The virtues and foibles of her sex*."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Probably there is no one of the modern authors of Great Britain more generally read or more justly admired, than Doct. Goldsmith. But few of the readers of the *Rural Magazine* can be found but who have read his captivating novel, "*The Vicar of Wakefield*." The reader seems to *realize* the scenes described—his "*sympathy*" is perpetually exercised so—
"That he weeps with the mourner,—with the joyful he smiles."

"*The Deserted Village* is read by every body, and quoted by every body. The village parson—village schoolmaster, and village ale-house are remembered by all who remember *any* thing they read.

"*The Traveller*," though less popular, is more profound, and contains an admirable "*View of Society*."

"*The Citizen of the World*" is a *table* book for almost every

reader who wishes for occasional relaxation from severe study.

The historical writings of Goldsmith, although amusing, are too much so for solid instruction.

His *dramatic* writings, although he produced but *two* comedies, shew that he *might* have become the first son of the drama. Whoever can read the characters of *Honeywood* and *Lofty*, in "*THE GOOD-NATURED MAN*," and *Marlow* and *Toney Lumpkin*, in "*SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER*," with indifference, had better wholly give up dramatic reading.

His *great* work, "*Animated Nature*," &c. is his *least*, for he knew the least upon that subject. To see OLIVER GOLDSMITH, who when he describes *human nature*, seems to dip his pen into the *human heart*, gravely describing a *horse*, a *cow*, or a *goose*, is like Hercules throwing away his *club* and setting down to the *distaff*. It is like the author of the *Rambler*, *Idler*, *Lives of the Poets*, *Rasselas*, &c. writing the various meanings of "*put*."

But it is by no means the intention of the writer to even attempt an eulogy, upon the "*Charming Goldsmith*." The object of these hasty remarks is, to introduce an extract from *Becket's Dialogues*, which represent the sentiments of *deceased* authors in the ELYSIAN FIELDS. He makes them *defend* or *condemn* their own works.

Ed.

Scene—the Elysian Fields.

GOLDSMITH AND KENRICK.

Goldsmith.

Mr. Kenrick! I congratulate you on your arrival in the shades; your

spirit, restless and turbulent * on earth, is now, I presume, at peace?

Kenrick.

Entirely so: and I reflect with no little dissatisfaction on the whole of my earthly conduct; but want, my dear doctor, want —.

Goldsmith.

Well do I know its power; long did I experience its tyranny; yet such is the ordinary fate of literary men,

Kenrick.

Miserable truth! you, however, had far better success in the world of letters than myself; both of us, indeed, were, for a considerable time, the slaves of booksellers; we were engaged in nearly the same pursuits, but a cabal, a party, gave the word for Goldsmith, while Kenrick —

Goldsmith.

Was neglected, and even decried: but we were engaged, you say, in the same pursuits; you have written some pieces of poetry, it is true, but, then, I must, at the same time, beg leave to observe, that you were far from excelling in the art.

Kenrick.

By which you would modestly insinuate that *excellence* belonged to yourself.

Goldsmith.

Undoubtedly: none of my contemporaries, I think, will dispute the palm with me.

Kenrick.

Astonishing! what insufferable vanity! have you, then, forgotten the names of *Gray*, *Mason*, *Beattie*, &c.? If William Kenrick was inferior to you as a poet, those I mention surpassed you in an eminent degree; you were, no doubt, a tole-

* Goldsmith and Kenrick quarrelled on earth to such a degree, that, it ended in a *caning*.
Ed.

rable versifier; your lines are some times even *pretty*; but a want of *animation* is what I have most to complain of.—Your productions, in short, may be likened to paintings in water-colours,—pleasing, but no way bold;—incapable, as I may say, of *effect*.

Goldsmith,

How happened it, then, that my performances were so generally admired, and that the sale of them was unusually great? The public judgement —

Kenrick.

Since you have touched on that head, I cannot better speak to it than in the words of an elegant critic of our own times: "What is usually complimented with the high and reverend appellation of *public judgement* is, in any single instance, but the repetition, or echo, for the most part easily caught, and strongly reverberated on all sides, of a few leading voices, which have happened to gain the confidence, and so direct the *cry*, of the public; but (as, in fact, it too often falls out,) this prerogative of the *few* may be abused to the prejudice of the *many*; the partialities of friendship, the fashionableness of the writer, his compliance with the reigning taste, the lucky concurrence of time and opportunity; the cabal of a party, nay, the very freaks of whim and caprice;—these, or any of them, as occasion serves, can support the dullest, as the opposite disadvantages can depress the noblest, performance, and give a currency or neglect to *either*, far beyond what the genuine character of each demands."

Goldsmith.

The support here spoken of, and which is sometimes given to dull performances, must be somewhat consoling to *mediocrity*, it is true;

and yet, as affording, in fact, but a temporary reputation, it would give no kind of satisfaction to me.

Kenrick.

Ha! ha! ha! Why, it was by those very means that you acquired *fame*; the bulk of mankind are either much too busy or much too indolent to think for themselves; the little junto in literature, and of which you were a member, insisted on your being considered as a man of genius, and *such*, by the necessary consequence, you became,—for who could ever hesitate in respect to the judgment which had been passed by the cabal: oraculous! unquestionable as the decisions of the Pythia herself.

Goldsmith.

Your acrimony, your rancour, breaks out even here;—though with mortality you should have thrown away all mortal passions: but you, I find, like many of the inhabitants of this place, cannot divest yourself of them.

Kenrick.

Prejudice and passion are entirely at rest,—it is truth alone that speaks;—truth, whose voice is not to be disregarded because untunable in your ears; yet understand me rightly, and be content with the portion of praise which really belongs to you: I have said that your verses are, occasionally, *pretty*; but the *maker*, the *creator*, is what I look for in the character of a poet: if the inspiration of the *nine* is discoverable in any of your writings, I will admit of your pretensions to the glorious name. *Descriptive poetry*, even in the hands of a master, you should remember, is not susceptible of many beauties; it is only an impassioned and glowing language which can move the soul; it is he alone, in short, whose light is derived from heaven that

can lay claim to the distinction of
Poet.—

"Cui mens diviniore, atque os
Magna sonaturum, dei nominis hujus hono-
rem."

But this is a subject on which we shall never be able to agree — The tame-ness and insipidity of your expres-sion is often insufferable ;—

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village—"

"Sweet smiling village;" and so on; what a wretched monotony.

Goldsmith.

Aye, aye, you are for nothing but turbulence,—the charms of simplici-ty are not to be relished by you.

Kenrick.

'Simplicity with Shenstone died.' You mistake the character of your poetry; coldness or poverty of ex-pression is not simplicity: however your poetical vein, poor though it was, produced you more, I believe, than did your *prose*: you were, no doubt, happy in throwing aside the *periodical pen*,—a piece of good for-tune never experienced by me.

Goldsmith.

The situation to which you allude is, indeed, a most pitiable one; in-asmuch as the exertions of the mind are far more fatiguing than those of the body: a poet of our own time has drawn a faithful, but terrible, picture of it:—

"Condemn'd for bread, without the in-spiring power,

To counteract the dull, the languid hour;
Beneath thy genuine energy to write,
To earn, with pain, the poor extorted mite;
Condemn'd to drudge, in sickness and in health,

To starve,—and raise thy proud oppres-sor's wealth;

Who pities thee, who values thee, no more
Than Barbary pirates those who tug the oar."

He must surely have experienced the miseries attendant on such a state by describing it so very feelingly.

Kenrick.

He did; but, supported by philo-

sophy, and possessed of prudence,—a virtue, by the way, which neither you nor I could ever boast,—he ap-peared, at all times, superiour so his condition: at length, however, *bo-na fortuna* has taken him by the hand, and he triumphs over the en-vious and the base.

Goldsmith.

Had the like kind of sentiments pervaded your breast when living, the "Battle of the Busto"* would surely have never seen the light;—you would not then have attempted to ridicule "Little Goldsmith;"—you would not then have endeavour-ed to render contemptible the me-mory of that man whose effigy had been set up in the abbey. This, how-ever, you strove to effect, eviden-ly for no other reason than that you were envious of his literary renown. —That you knew, too certainly knew, that the bust of Mr. Kenrick would never be seen in so distin-guished a place.

The closing sentence is preg-nant with meaning. To have a *Bust* erected in *Westminster Ab-bey*, amidst a speechless constel-lation of the greatest poets and worthies, is, by British authors, "*a consummation devoutly to be wished.*" Even the *Philosopher*, *Sage*, and *Poet*, SAMUEL JOHNSON, was greatly soothed amidst the horrors of approaching death, by being assured that *his* Bust would there be placed. This may be called by some *vanity*! but to live through posterity, is, with a great man, "*The ruling passion strong in death.*" The gloomy, monkish professor may pour out

* A poem by W. Kenrick, occasioned by the placing of the bust of Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey.

as many croaking anathemas as he pleases against *such* vanity, we admire the exalted genius who aspires after *such* distinction. Ed.

[Having been requested to make the following selections, from "*Robbins' Journal*," the Editor owes it to himself to state, that that volume, was written by him in very great haste, from the narration of Robbins; who, although a young man of strong mind and retentive memory, was too deficient in education to do any thing toward preparing the work for the press, but to relate the simple facts, and give the unvarnished descriptions, of what passed under his immediate observation. Determined to blend no fiction with reality—resolved not to excite wonder at the expense of truth, I endeavoured to draw from this unfortunate sufferer, for nearly two years, amongst the Wandering Arabs, every kind of information he could impart relative to that wonderful race of creatures, and the country they inhabit. The following facts shew, that even these wretched descendents of *Ishmael*, are not destitute of *all* enjoyments; and that candour, in such a heart as Robbins,' will acknowledge a favour even from a barbarous master.]

Ed.

Having remained at this fish-place for five days, my master *Mearah* took me off with him to traverse once more the desert of Zahara. He commenced by travelling in a south-east direction, and upon the first night reached his own tent. We had a very fleet camel, and having started at day-light and riding till dark without dismounting, we must have travelled at least sixty miles. Upon reaching the tent, I found that of my master and those situated near it were much larger and better than I had ever before seen. My Master's return was welcomed by every demonstration of joy. This was increased by seeing a quantity of fish, and carried to the highest pitch, when they found me there as a slave. The whole family seemed anxious to make my situation comfortable as possible; some offered me fish; some milk, and some water; and the joy of the party was so excessive, that they seemed to "take no thought for the morrow," having devoured almost every eatable thing in their possession. Witnessing the animation and enjoyment of this family of barbarians, my mind was immediately transported to the regions of civilization. It was about the season of a *Connecticut Thanksgiving*. In imagination, I saw the festive board surrounded by my refined, grateful and happy friends. I could see the eyes of parents, beaming with benignity upon their visiting children, blessing heaven for the gift of them, as well as for the luxuries that loaded their hospitable board, rendering thanks that they had been blessed 'in their basket and in their store,' and that they had been preserved once more to form the happy family. My heart was near bursting at this recollection. Although I was not destitute of gratitude for an unexpected supply, I was compelled to reflect that all my enjoyments depended upon the capricious whims of an Arab, and that a transition from enjoyment to the lowest wretchedness might befall me in the next twenty-four hours. Well might I exclaim "hard, hard is my fate."

[The following shews the contrast which a very few weeks produced in the situation of this unfortunate and worthy sufferer.]

When we stopped, fuel was necessary to cook with, but no dry bushes could be readily found. After seeking sometime

for them, I returned to the tent, destitute of them, and almost wholly exhausted with fatigue. *Mearah* came at me furiously with a knife, pointing it towards my throat. I fled out again and procured a few dry sticks. I was compelled again to sleep in the cold air without the least shelter or covering. Upon the next day, I travelled till about noon, and dropped down upon the ground, and was left alone. I gazed round, but from dimness and dizziness, could see neither tent, camel, nor human being. I attempted to walk, but was wholly unable to move. My master at length came and led me to the tent, which was pitched. Some warm milk was given to me, into which was put a considerable quantity of dried weed, which the natives generally carry about with them; although it may be gathered in almost every part of the desert. It gave to the milk a sharp bitter taste, and relieved me from the costiveness with which I had been much troubled from eating hard boiled blood, and baked locusts.

[Robbins described his situation a few days after this in such a manner as to set written description almost at defiance.]

I was now literally reduced to a skeleton. The irritation of the blankets around my middle, and sleeping upon sand and hard ground, had worn the skin entirely off my hip-bones, leaving them visible; indeed, this was the case with all the prominent bones in my body. I was completely dried up; and the skin was contracted and drawn tight around my bones. Although I had seen many human beings reduced to bones and sinews before, I certainly never saw one so poor as I was myself. I was in no danger of inflammatory diseases, as there was nothing about me to be inflamed, unless a conflagration should have been made of my dried carcase; and this I was in danger of from the mode of practice adopted by the *Ishmaelitic* faculty. They heated the blade of a long tent knife—stripped me bare—held me in a perpendicular posture—and, with the edge of the hot knife, began to strike gently upon my shin-bones, and continued to chop the whole of the front part of my frame. I felt not the least pain from that operation; indeed I was no more a subject of pain than an actual skeleton in the of-

fice of a surgeon. They repeated this operation daily, and began to afford me a little meat. In the course of three or four days, I became able to move slowly about—the blood began to circulate, and strength began to return. This was the mode of practice, and this was the result of it. Whether it was *Galvanism* or *Perkinism*, I leave to the Italian and American faculty to determine.

[Robbins became perfectly familiar with the *Mahomedan* mode of worship; and declared to the writer of this *Journal*, that it was precisely the same in every tribe and in every part of Africa he had seen.]

The first thing the family do upon rising, which is invariably at day-break, is to go to *Sulte*, or prayer. This they perform with great apparent solemnity.—They begin this worship by pulling off what few camel-skin slippers are among them; then kneeling to the earth, rubbing sand upon their hands, arms, and faces, a number of times. In whatever attitude, during this duty, whether standing, sitting, or kneeling, their faces are always turned to the east. The ceremony of rubbing their hands, arms, and faces, with sand, is a symbol of ablution, or cleansing, as they have no water to perform this with. After this is done, they stand up very erect, facing to the east; each repeating exclamations or orisons, in a manner so very peculiar, that it is almost impossible for a foreigner to *spell* the words made use of, however familiar he may become with the pronunciation of them. It is equally difficult to obtain from them the precise meaning of the words used; as there is a kind of peculiar mystery in their language, as well as a peculiar solemnity in their deportment when worshipping. For nineteen months I was in the habit of witnessing the worship of the Arabs, in families and in larger bodies, generally four times in a day, and hearing the exclamations they made; and will attempt to enter down a few of their most frequently repeated expressions. Looking towards the east, they exclaim—“*Sheda el la lah, Hi, Allah!*—*Sheda Mahomed Rah sool Allah!*” They then throw their outspread hands forward, exclaiming *Alla Hooakibar* (“Great God.”

They then kneel down upon the earth, and, supporting their bodies with their hands, kiss the earth; and as they kiss it, exclaim again, *Allah Hooakibar*; then rising erect, repeat the same expressions. They now, with a low and solemn tone of voice, casting their eyes occasionally toward heaven, repeat over a prayer from one to two minutes in length. From having afterwards learned the meaning of many of the expressions made use of in these prayers, I feel fully authorized to say that they return thanks for the favours received; for the food they eat; for the clothes they wear. They most earnestly pray for rain, when the earth is dry; and for sufficient food for their camels. They pray for abundance of plunder, and that they may take numerous slaves. That the Great God would destroy their enemies and protect them; that he would keep their children alive, and bless all their possessions.—In the course of these prayers, they frequently mention the name of *Moolay Solmaan*. * During the repetition of this prayer, they stand perfectly erect.—After the conclusion of it, they again exclaim, loudly, *Allah Hooakibar*, and again kiss the earth, in the manner described, two or three times, at each time repeating, *Allah Hooakibar*! They then sit down upon the earth, and each repeats over to himself, probably some part of the Koran. During this, they hold in their hands, the most of them, a string of beads upon which they cast their eyes as though offering to them the most profound adoration. These beads they count over, stopping as they come to some particular one. They sometimes wear them upon their arms, and frequently carry them in their hands as they are walking or sitting. They close this ceremony by repeating the words, *Sulle Mulla*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ORIGINAL.

FROM some remarks which have accidentally been heard, and others which have come to our knowledge, we repeat again, that we do not aspire to the char-

* At that time, and it is believed now, Emperor of Morocco, who owes a sort of allegiance to the Sultan—called by the Arabs, *Soultaun*.

Ed.

VOL.

acter of "*Professional Reviewers*." It would be impudence in the extreme in us, and it is insufferable arrogance in many others who attempt it. It is not a pettish critic who decides the merit of a work—it is the mass of readers; and to despise their sentence, if it were possible, is not just, and if it were just, is not possible. Many *self-created* reviewers are like gazers at the sun through smoked glass, who are blind to the splendour of his beams, because they see a spot upon his disk—and

"Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss."

By a studied misconstruction, blended with malicious pedantry, every production may be made to appear ridiculous.

Our object in mentioning "new publications" which issue from the press in Connecticut, is to draw the attention of readers to examine them for themselves; and although we shall not hesitate to give our opinion of them, for we certainly have this right, as well as others, we have not the vanity to think that such opinions will influence others in forming their own. The tastes of readers are as various as their features; and it must be admitted that there is no more a standard of taste, than there is of beauty.

Ed.

SKETCHES OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY, SACRED AND PROFANE, &c.

BY FREDERICK BUTLER, A. M.

In the preceding number, we briefly noticed a "SCHOOL BOOK," written by the author of the work mentioned. Messrs. COOKE & HALE, of this city have recently published the work under consideration, in a very large *duodecimo* volume, and have put it at a price so moderate that it is procurable by every reader. The author modestly observes that—*"This work is designed immediately for the use of schools."* To the high credit of the authors of Connecticut, be it said, that they have produced more valuable *School Books* than those of any state in the Republic. The Rev. Doct. MORSE, and the Hon. NOAH WEBSTER, both natives of the state, have, for many years, supplied the *whole* country with them; and although, as Doct. JOHNSON says of the "*writer of dictionaries*," the writer of school books "*is not the PUPIL, but the SLAVE of science—the PIONEER of literature*;" yet he is amongst the first benefactors of mankind; and although, as this GREAT MAN further says, that the sons of Learning and Genius "*press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile upon the humble drudge that facilitates their progress*," yet he may console himself with the reflection, that although he occupies but an humble niche in the Temple of Fame, he enables others to attain its proudest height; and enjoys "*the luxury of doing good.*"

Mr. Butler has one remark in this work, which is peculiarly striking. He says—*"that all the historians, through all ages of the world, have done no more than record the will and government of God, as predicted by his inspired prophets, hundreds and thousands of years before they were accomplished."* Historians have recorded events as they occurred, without perhaps sufficiently advertent to prophetic declarations that they would occur. The author gives a regular detail of the leading events in our world, as recorded in *profane* history; and with great research, and ingenuity endeavors to shew that *sacred* history foretold them. By this method, the reader, while he is acquiring a knowledge of the world, from its beginning to his own time, is strengthening his belief in the truth of divine revelation. We touch upon this subject, to use the language of the great BURKE, "*with solemn awe and trembling solicitude.*" The fulfilment of the prophecies, has occupied the pens of Newton, Faber, and a long catalogue of theologians. Some of their productions are too metaphysical for common understandings; and others would almost induce one to fear that they were in danger of having "*the plagues that are written in this book*," (the Bible,) added unto them for adding so much to what is written.

Mr. Butler, avoiding the mysterious jargon which often confounds the mind in a wilderness of "*words, words, words*," succinctly points out to the reader

the events which shows that some of the prophecies are fulfilled and others fulfilling. Our limits deprive us of the pleasure of a more minute examination of this work. We can only say that the perusal of it has imparted pleasure and afforded instruction; and as a school or family book, we think it a most valuable acquisition.

Ed.

BRIEF REMARKER, &c. BY EZRA SAMPSON.

Newspapers, for a number of years past, have been almost exclusively devoted to political disquisitions. They may, without doing much violence to language or to truth, be denominated the partizan's bible. In examining files of them, published before we were able to read them, we find many excellent moral essays, and pieces upon the common duties which man owes to man, and which men owe to heaven. "THE PROMPTER" was originally written in Numbers, by the Hon. NOAH WEBSTER, and first published in the "*Connecticut Courant*." It was published afterwards in a volume; and although an excellent little work, for the common reader, is scarcely to be found in any of our numerous book-stores.

The "*Brief Remarker*," was commenced six or seven years since in the *Connecticut Courant*, in Numbers. The excellence of them soon attracted the attention of the leading Editors in the Republic, and their columns were graced with these admirable productions. They have re-

cently been collected and published in a volume; and we have no hesitation in declaring, that in our opinion, it is amongst the most valuable publications that have lately been offered to the public.

Although the head of the venerable author is silvered by age, his writings shew that—

'He thinks as a sage—though he feels like a man.'

Although we are among the admirers of the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Rambler*, *Idler*, &c. we frankly declare that the "BRIEF REMARKER," stands equally high in our estimation. The Parent cannot put into the hand of his child, nor the Preceptor into the hand of his pupil, a more valuable reading book.

Ed.

We have very lately received copies of the first Address delivered to the Hartford County Agricultural Society, by HENRY L. ELLSWORTH, Esq. of Windsor, and ETHAN A. ANDREWS, Esq. of Berlin. They will be more particularly noticed, and some "extracts" furnished in our next Number.

Ed.

USEFUL INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

CONNECTICUT FISH.

Amongst the numerous bounties bestowed by a beneficent Providence, upon the people of Connecticut, but few can exceed the fish in our numerous streams; and but few are less regarded, or more abused. The writer has often been told by men, not very

far advanced in life, that they distinctly remember the time when it was actually considered a disgrace to be found eating *shad*, one of the finest of fish that swims in salt or fresh water. *Alewives*, which literally throng some of our streams, are still considered as the *humblest* food. It must be admitted that a *land* which flows with milk and honey—beef and pork—butter and cheese—poultry and—*every thing*, has less need of the delicious product of the *waters*, than those desolate portions of the globe that produces nothing else. But *all* these blessings cannot, at *all* times, be procured by *all*; and if a wholesome and nourishing food can so *easily* and *cheaply* be procured by the poorer classes of society, they certainly ought to avail themselves of the benefit.

The following *directions*, for curing *Alewives*, has been obligingly communicated to the Editor, by Mr. *Benjamin Fowler*, of this city. Having long been engaged in the *packing* of *provisions* and *fish*, and exporting them, in large quantities, his opinion is founded upon *experience*, which has always been pronounced to be "*The best school-master.*"

Ed.

FOR THE RURAL MAGAZINE.

From observing the method practised in different rivers of the U. States—and from my own experience, I find that the best method of curing alewives is, to take the fish, as soon as caught, and salt them, with at least one bushel of salt, and four ounces of saltpetre to a barrel. They may be cut * or salted whole; though those that are cut are best for family's use. To cure them with smoke † let them be put in strong pickle for twenty-four hours, and then strung on sticks through the head, and hung up over the smoke—keep a constant smoke made from hard wood, covered with green turf, to smother the blaze, for ten days; at which time they will be struck through—let them remain in the smoke-house. Occasionally add a little smoke, and they will improve in flavour for at least one year.

CORNSHELLER.

This machine being used for the benefit of the H. C. A. S. and still out of the city, we have been disappointed in obtaining the description, which we anticipated and promised in our last Number; we therefore ask the indulgence of our patrons until the machine shall be returned to the City.

* Alewives are cut, by chopping off the head and the thin part of the belly, and taking out the *inwards*, and scaling them. Sixty may be dressed in this way in an hour. The whole expence of a barrel of alewives, dressed in this manner, will not exceed two dollars and fifty cents, and are about equal to shad.

† Alewives may be well smoked in an hogshead, by sticks inserted into holes bored into its staves.

Poetical Department.

"COLUMBIAN MUSE, ADVANCE AND CLAIM THY RIGHT."

ORIGINAL.

(Continued from Page 37.)

Parallel between the Four Continents.

AFRICA.

FROM Asia's realm, to Afric's sultry shore,
The mind may wander, and may there explore
A region of despair, of wrongs, and crimes
As various as its *surface* and its *climes*.
"O for a muse of fire" to utter strains
Of verse impassion'd. But fair truth restrains
Th' indignant muse ; and calls her straight to mourn,
O'er hapless man, where man, is all forlorn.

Here ancient Egypt, on the swelling Nile,
Which makes fair nature, there in beauty smile ;
Calls up the soul to wonder and admire,
To raise our hope, and make our hope expire.
Here the great Leader* of the *chosen* band,
Rescued from death by lovely female hand ;
Was born to save the ancient Jewish race,
And rescue them from bondage and disgrace ;
And, what must fill the soul with solemn awe,
Born to divulge, and execute THE LAW,
Which God ordain'd—which from Mount Sinai's height,
Was first proclaim'd—'midst thunder, flames, and *light*.

Here Barbary's coast, a pirate horde maintains,
The terror of the Mountains and the plains,
From thence, o'er oceans, with remorseless rage,
Against defenceless mariners they wage,
Remorseless war ; and make the rolling flood,
To mingle with its waves the Christian's blood.

Here too, the wretched race, (from Ishmael sprang,)
Who still around *Zahara's* borders hang,
Or roam its boundless wastes in dismal gloom,

* Moses.

Where silence reigns as in the silent tomb,
 Have their existence—if it existence be,
 To parch with thirst, and from dread famine flee.
 Here too, desponding slaves, from happy lands,
 Held in dire bondage by barbarian hands,
 Drag out their lives, or perish in the sands
 'Tis here we see the wrath of heav'n display'd,
 'Gainst man, who from his early faith has stray'd.
 The great *Imposter*,* who from *Mecca* rose,
 Who did upon a cred'lous world impose,
 A wond'rous system, fraught with deep device,
 The bane of virtue, and the boon of vice,
 Holds sole dominion—here the human mind,
 In chains is bound, and kept in darkness blind.

From here, let Christians blush, and own their crime,
 Slaves have been forced from their native clime,
 Where heav'n had plac'd them ; where in peace they dwelt,
 And where the tort'ring thong was never felt.
 Hush'd be the voice, that at an *Arab* frowns,
 Who drives *our* Christians o'er their barren grounds,
 Who makes them parch with thirst—for food to sigh,
 To live in torture, and in mis'ry die.
 'Tis but *revenge* for injuries *they* have borne,
 And *we*, in turn, are made to weep and mourn.

O! for that time, when *Afric's* various race,
 Shall that religion, in its charms, embrace,
 Which teaches man the charm of human love,
 And makes them imitate the saints above.

(*To be continued.*)

*Mahommed.

[THE following production was communicated to the editor by a literary correspondent. Its merits entitle it to a rank amongst elegant *descriptive* poems. Whether *original* or not, we do not care, and do not know. In our estimation, its beauties are so striking, that it would grace the columns of *any* publication ; and if we

are the *first* to give publicity to it, it will very much enhance the pleasure we have derived from the perusal of it. We have seldom seen a deeply interesting adventure described with more elegant simplicity.]

Ed.

S. PUTNAM WALDO, Esq.

SIR—The following beautiful *Lines* were handed me in *Manuscript* some few years since by a particular Friend.—Having never seen them in *Print*, presume they are *Original*; should you think them worth preserving, please to give them a place in the "*Poetical Department*" of your "*RURAL MAGAZINE*," and oblige.

C. L.

ZEMBO AND NILA.

Where the beauteous Niger roll'd
Thro' the land of slaves and gold,
On the brink, a Tiger lay,
Slumb'ring thro' the sultry day;
Stately palms their branches spread,
Cool and verdant o'er his head:
Deeply murmur'ing in his ear,
Rip'ling ran the river clear;
While the sun, in noon of light,
Like an Eagle in his flight,
Borne upon the wings of time,
Tower'd, in majesty sublime,
Earth and Ocean, Air and Sky,
Basking in his boundless eye;
Soft as clearest fountains flow,
Sweet as Ocean breezes blow,
Came a lovely Nigre's maid,
Where the sleeping brute was laid;
O! what wild enchanting grace
Sparkled o'er her dimpled face,
While the moonlight of her eyes
Glow'd and glanc'd with glad surprise;
Bright thro' shadow, beam'd her lips,
She was beauty in eclipse;
Sportive, innocent and gay,
All in nature's disarray;
Unashamed as infancy,
Dancing on the Father's knee;
Fearless as the babe at rest,
Pillow'd on the mother's breast.
But to crown her conqu'ring charms
Pearly bracelets twin'd her arms;
Brilliant plumes her temples grac'd,
Flow'ry foilage wreath'd her waist.
The startled nymph with silent awe
The lovely, dreadful monster saw;
View'd the sleek enamel'd pride
Of his variegated hide;
Marbled o'er with glossy dyes,
Like the Peacock's spangled eyes;
Gently heav'd the spotted chest,
Of his broad tremendous breast.
Slumber smoth'd his horrid features,

Clos'd his eyes, terrific meteors;
Hush'd the thunder of his jaws,
Sheath'd the lightning of his claws;
Harmless, beautiful, and mild,
Seem'd the savage grim and wild.
Nila's bosom o'er the sight,
Swell'd from wonder to delight.
On the mossy bank reclining,
In her hands a garland twining,
Unaware of danger nigh,
All her soul was in her eye,
Till her tongue the silence broke,
And, transported, thus she spoke—
Lovely stranger, void of fear,
Innocently slumbering here,
Rest secure in thy repose,
From the rage of prowling foes.
Never wanderer was betray'd
In this hospitable shade.
Calm refreshing dreams attend thee,
And the mighty gods defend thee
From the lightning's rav'ning jaws,
From the dread hyena's paws;
From the subtle panther's wiles,
Lurking where the shrub'ry smiles;
From the snake, whose tainting breath,
Scatters pestilence and death;
From the elephant, whose might
Crushes armies in the fight;
From the fangs of Tiger's gaunt,
Cruellest of fiends that haunt
Forest, wilderness or plain,
Grimly strewn with victims slain,
When, like whirlwind, flood and fire,
Irresistible in ire.
Tigers, so my parents say,
Gorge alive their shrieking prey;
Then, in frenzy of hot gore,
Fiercer, feller than before,
Still with quenchless thirst they burn,
Headlong still to slaughter turn;
Fiends like these, the desert awe,
Fiends that Nila never saw.

On this silent solitude,
 These destroyers ne'er intrude ;
 For my father keeps this grove,
 Sacred to the gods above.
 Nor beyond this shelter'd home
 Dare his daughter's footsteps roam.
 Here then, charming stranger rest,
Nila's friend, companion, guest ;
 With the sweetest herbs I'll feed thee,
 To the fairest fountains lead thee ;
 Here in gambols, wild and gay,
 Let us sport our lives away,
 And this blooming wreath shall be
Nila's pledge of love to thee,
 While I crown thee thus with flowers,
 Prince of the sequester'd bowers.
 Sudden as the lightning's stroke,
 Glances on the splintered oak,
 At her touch, the Tiger sprang,
 With his voice the mountains rang.
 One wild moment, *Nila* stood,
 Then plung'd, instinctive in the flood ;
 With a roar of thunder hollow,
 As the monster leap'd to follow,
 Quick and keen, a venom'd dart,
 Quivered in his cruel heart.
 Round he reel'd, in mortal pain,
 Bit the barbed shaft in twain,
 Groan'd and fell, and pour'd his breath,
 In a hurricane of death.
 Lost, as in a wond'ring dream,
Nila floated down the stream.
 The conscious river, swell'd with pride,
 While buoyant on its circling tide ;
 Light as silver shadows sail,
 O'er cornfields, waving in the gale,
 The gentle waters safely bore,

The panting *Naiad* to the shore.
Zembo from the grove emerging,
 Ran to meet the rescued virgin ;
Zembo, whose victorious bow,
 Laid the treach'rous monster low ;
Zembo, swiftest in the race,
 Matchless in the savage chase ;
 Tall and stately, as the palm,
 A storm in war, in peace a calm ;
 Black as midnight, without moon,
 Bold and undisguis'd as noon ;
Zembo, long had wou'd in vain,
 But while *Nila* scorn'd his pain ;
 Love's insinuating dart,
 Flew so quickly thro' her heart,
 That the nymph, in all her pride,
 Sigh'd, yet scarce knew why she sigh'd.
 Now she saw, with transports sweet,
 Gallant *Zembo* at her feet.
 Tho' her trembling lips were seal'd,
 Love, her hidden soul reveal'd.
Zembo read, with glad surprise,
 All the secrets of her eyes.
 Wild with joy, his eager arms,
 Sprang to clasp her modest charms.
 Startled, like the timid deer,
Nila fled, with lovely fear ;
 He pursu'd the nimble maid,
 To the broad *palmetto* shade.
 Here the flow'ry wreath she found,
 Which the Tiger's front had crown'd ;
 These on *Zembo's* brow she twin'd,
 Whispering thus, in accents kind—
 Noble youth, accept, tho' small,
 This reward, 'tis *Nila's* all ;
 If my hero claims a higher,
 Yonder, *Zembo*, lives my Sire !

EDITOR'S CLOSET.

A large mass of *Communications, Letters, &c.* are deposited in our different "departments ;" some of which will appear in future Numbers, but which are necessarily excluded from this.

"G." is thanked for his favours ; and had they been received earlier, would have been inserted. We hope he will continue to write—and we should be highly gratified by an interview with him.

"An Evening Party in Hartford," is in our files, and shall receive that attention which so interesting a subject demands.

Communications upon the subject of

"Spring Wheat" and "Botts in Horses" came too late for insertion.

"Lucidas" shall, in our next Number, have our opinion, (as he has requested it.) upon *night* as—

"— Fair virtue's immemorial friend."

We present our Patrons, in this Number with what has been pronounced a strikingly accurate Portrait of JAMES MONROE, President of the United States. We hope a view of it will enhance their pleasure, as much as it has our expences.

In our next Number, we hope to be able to furnish our readers with a brief summary of the proceedings of the Legislature now in session.
 Ed.